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MONSTERS NEWS

THE PAPER OF RECORD

previously The Dark Mirror
previously the Crinoline Bandage
previously the Central Falls Bullet
previously/still Mothers News

FREE wherever animals scratch upon a thin door

IT CRAWLED INTO MY HAND

October! Shrouds damp with regular misery flutter and crowd in the brittle dawn, while offal clings to heavy boots and bats perspire grimly. Is it going to rain on Halloween? We sure hope so-- ruined partiers, attired inappropriately as sexy versions of stale cartoons- this is not your time and never was. Fear is the watchword.

Most of the time, we would not advocate living in fear- it sucks and prolonged exposure will rotten you up like a smelly tooth. But living wholly without fear is like that rare unfortunate with a congenital insensitivity to pain, who chews off the tip of their tongue without knowing it and drowns in their own blood in their sleep. Or the overconfident oaf in a strange bar, killed by a single punch to the .01% chance spot on the face, or knifed unceremoniously by a passing smear. A certain amount of fear is good. It informs us, and councils us. And in October, for whatever reason, it councils us extremely loud. You don't want to be so afraid of the stairs that you don't go upstairs in the library- that's where they keep the magazines. But it's good to let the stairs a little bit freak us out now and then- after all, over a thousand people die on the stairs every year.

Things to fear: the stairs; the winter; death. For: fear; indignity; a dog shivering in a thunderstorm. Maybe you won't live until lunchtime... Maybe... you won't. Live... until lunchtime. This is the only way to lunch.

You are the thunder and the dog...

The official punctuation mark of October is... the ellipse...

HOLIDAYS IN OCTOBER

Halloween is a holiday that marks the end of the Halloween season, a sort of night-long fast call. Just like how people expect you to do good will all during the Christmas season and not just on Christmas, all throughout the Halloween season we expect you to be haunting around at night, hanging out in graveyards, drinking notions wearing tights, standing in drafts, and leaving orange streaks when you drag a pickaxe across the street. As Spring's color is green, the vulgar color of life, Fall's color is orange, the anti-green, the vulgar color of disintegration.

ORANGE

"Those persons... who are energetic and incisive, the plethoric, red-blooded, ...who fling themselves unthinkingly into the affair of the moment, generally delight in the bold gleams of yellows and reds, the clashing cymbals of vermilions and chromes that blind and intoxicate them. But the eyes of enfeebled and nervous persons whose sensual appetites crave highly seasoned foods, the eyes of hectic and over-excited creatures have a predilection toward that irritating and morbid color with its fictitious splendors, its acid fevers— orange." -JK Huysmans, Au Rebour

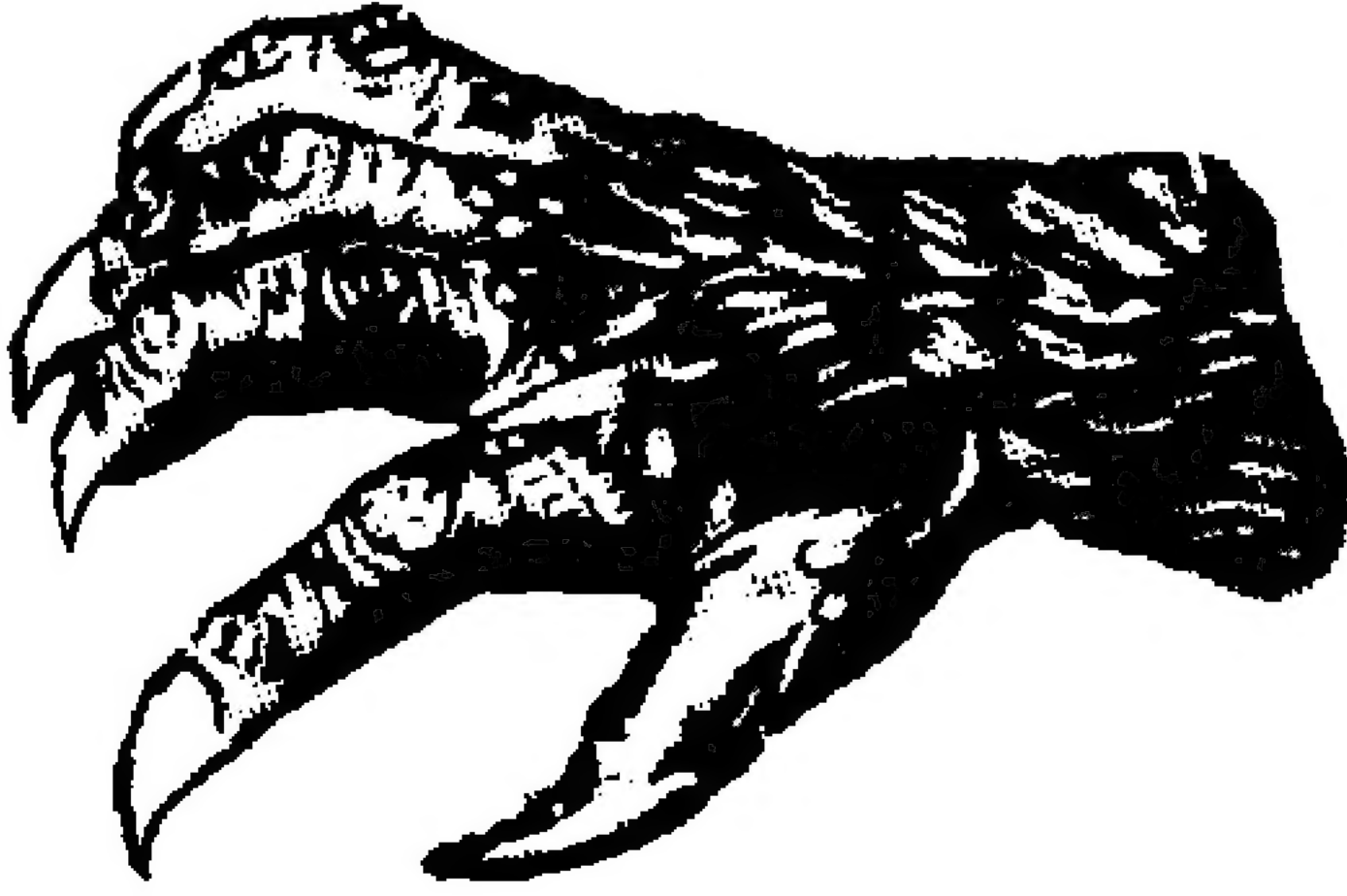
- Orange is the contrasting colour of blue and is highly visible against a clear sky. Therefore, shades of orange such as safety orange are often used in high visibility clothing and other safety equipment and objects.

- In hindu Tantrism, Orange is used to symbolically represent the second (Swadhisthana) chakra. Swadhisthana is positioned at the tailbone, two finger-widths above Muladhara. It has six petals which match the vrittis of affection, pitilessness, feeling of all-destructiveness, delusion, disdain and suspicion. Through meditation on Swadhisthana, the following siddhis or occult powers are said to be obtained- You are freed from all your enemies, and become a lord among yogis; your words flow like nectar in well-reasoned discourse; you gain loss of fear of water, awareness of astral entities, and the ability to taste anything desired for oneself or others.

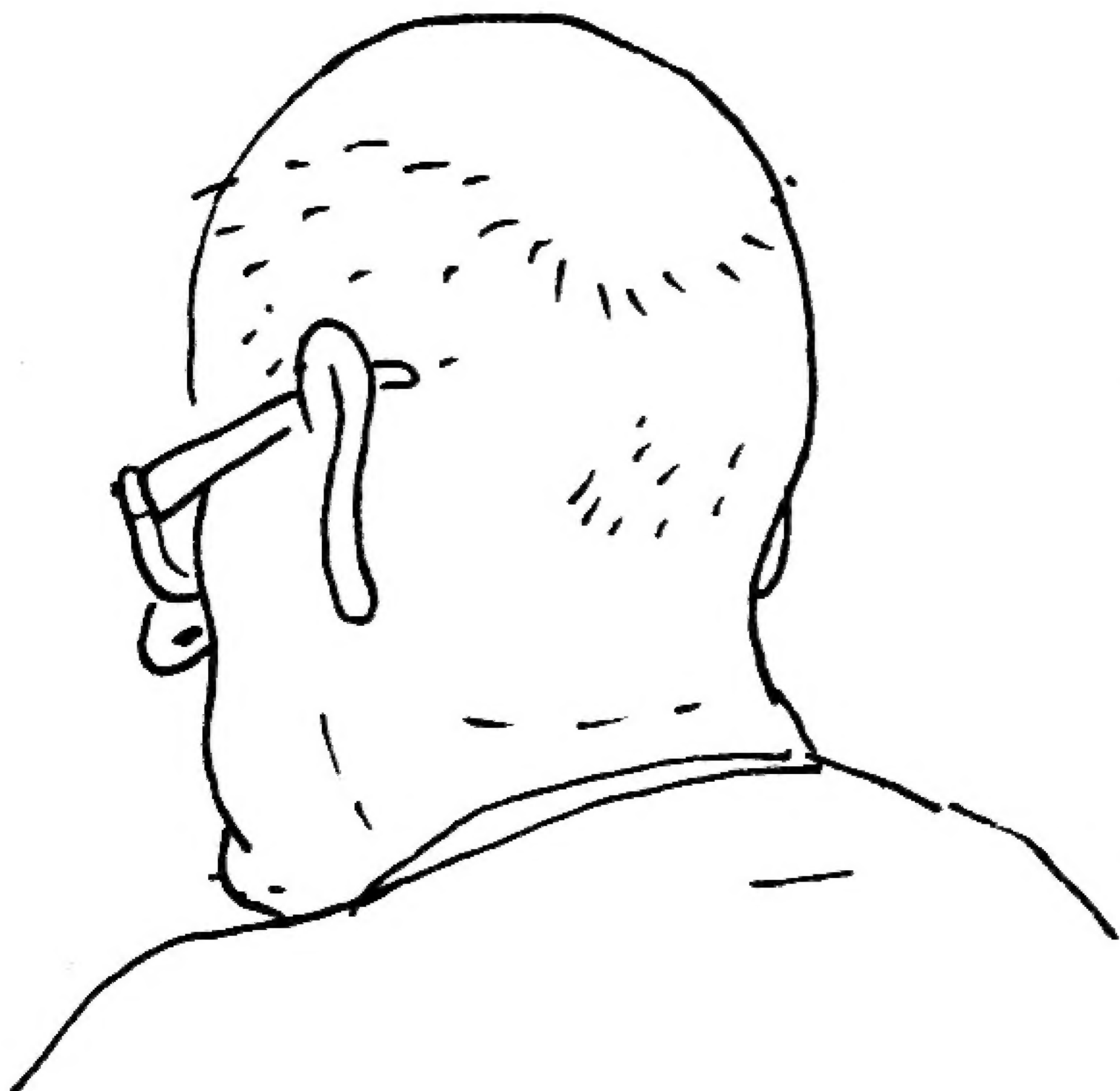
- Orange is used to promote awareness of self-inflicted injury.

A MESSAGE FOR KIDS

KIDS! if you're out trick or treating and someone is out of candy, or their lights are on but they aren't answering their door, or they aren't giving out actual candy, just crayons or something, you are LEGALLY OBLIGATED to do something bad! shaving cream, toilet paper, whatever. If you're caught without proper ammo, be creative-- spit on car door handles or something. you can't "save it for later"- only valid night of. THIS IS THE LAW OF HALLOWEEN which has nothing to do with the law of your city or town, so if you see cops, run. And if they catch you deny everything. And if they say "if you're innocent why did you run?" tell them you thought they were bad kids dressed as cops. Also, if you get caught by homeowners look them dead in the eye real mean and piss yourself-- it maybe doesn't seem like it, but this will terrify and confuse them enough for you to make an escape, and besides which no one wants a sticky baby. THIS MESSAGE IS FOR KIDS ONLY!



THEE AMBROSE BIERCE MEMORIAL
WORD JUMBLE
by Ambrose Bierce before he died



drawing of AB by James McShane

SNERTABIA - A weak person who yields to the temptation of denying himself a pleasure.

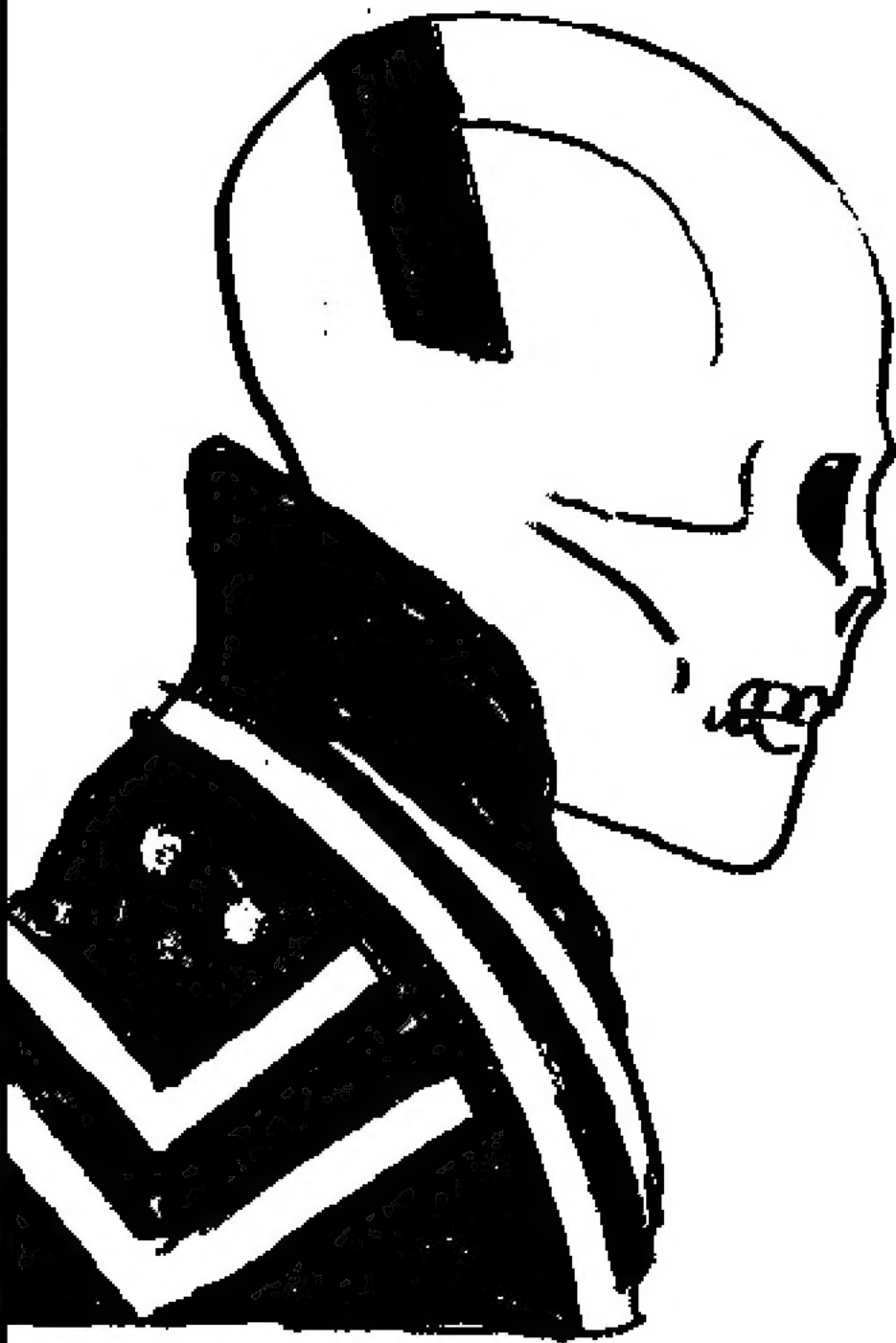
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CONTLIAYICUBTA - The mother of caution.

□□□□□□□□□□□□□□

ZIGELAOOP - To lay the foundation for a future offence.

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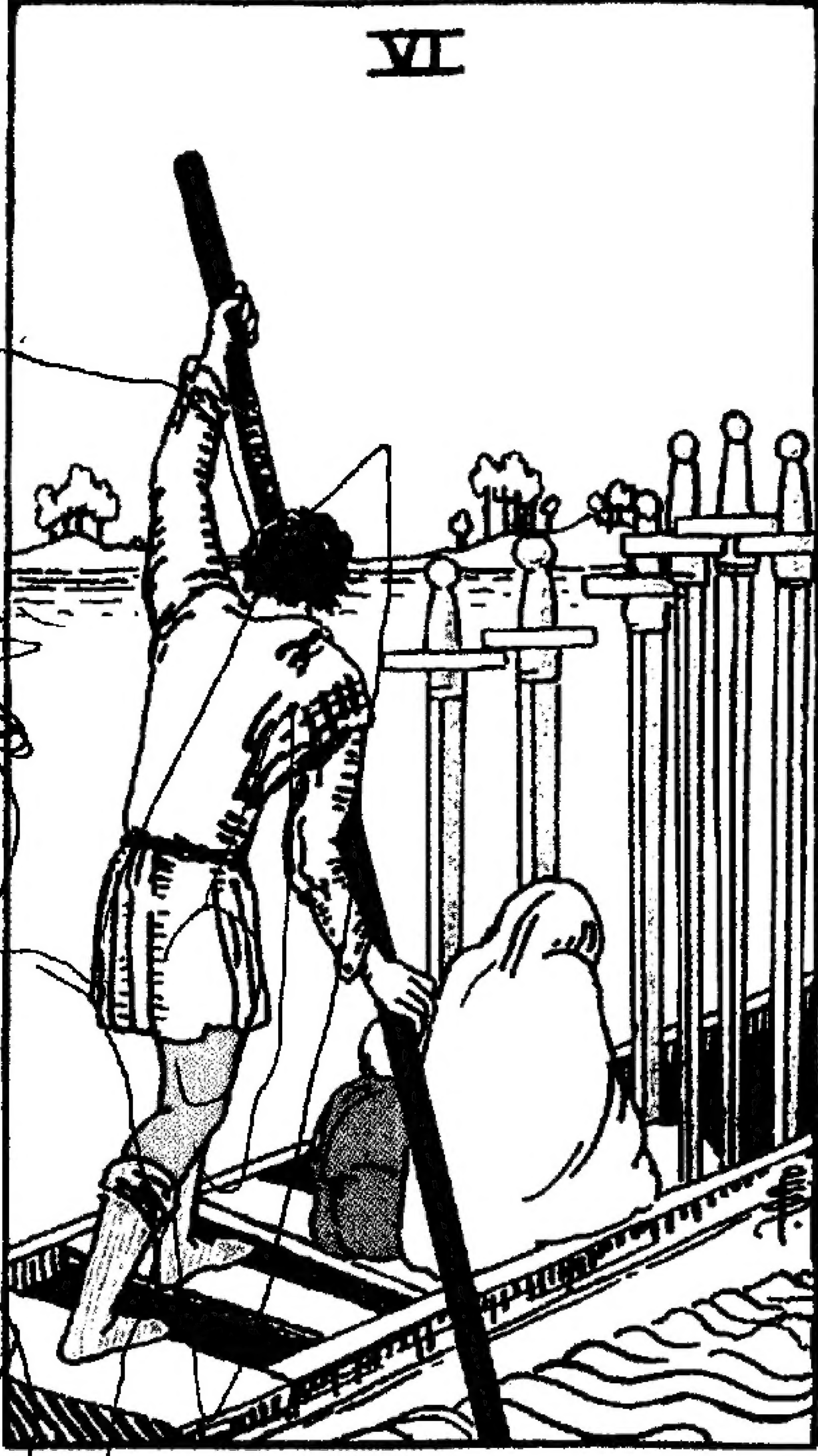


MORE POEMS
a recurring feature
by MW

Back It Up

It may not be
the best thing you've ever had
but it does lend
skin to solid rambling

OCTOBER



ROBERT PICKLE
THINKER. DOER.

FOR MAYOR OF
BARF CITY

AGAINST
HOMEWORK

WHITE ELECTRIC

711 WESTMINSTER PROV RI
COFFEE - BAGEL - OTHER

M-F 7-6:30
Sat 8:30-5
Sun 9-5

out of deference to our less-understanding customers, we ask all monsters to please use the following codes when ordering:
-- if you want a chalice of clotted toad venom, ask for a "vanilla iced chai".
-- if you want a teenager arm-meat omelet, please ask for an "everything bagel with strawberry cream cheese".

Thanks!

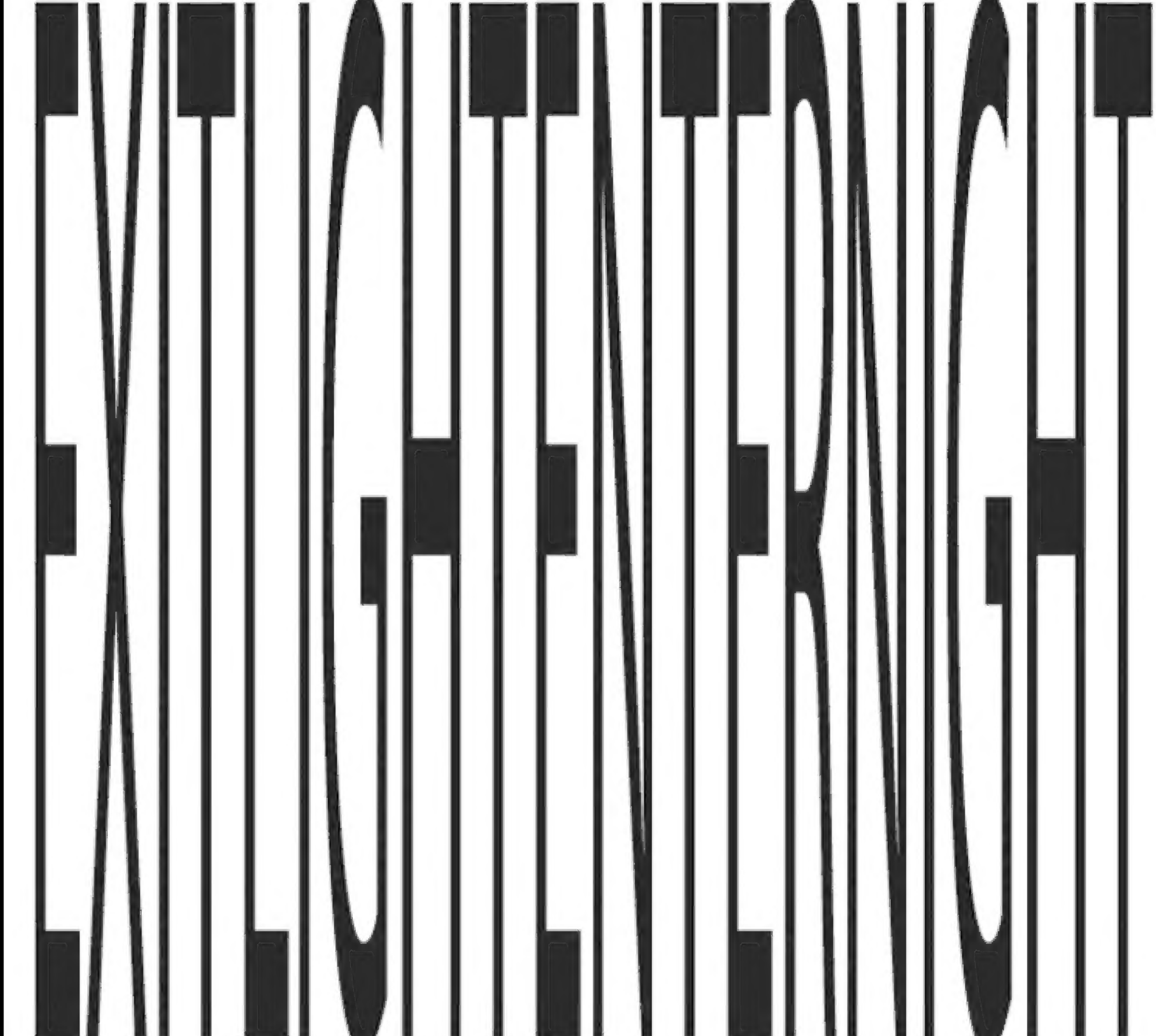
LEGEND BICYCLES

GET YOUR BIKE TOGETHER

181 BROOK ST PROVRI

THE EAGLE CAN ALTER THE EARTH

OPEN TUES - SUN

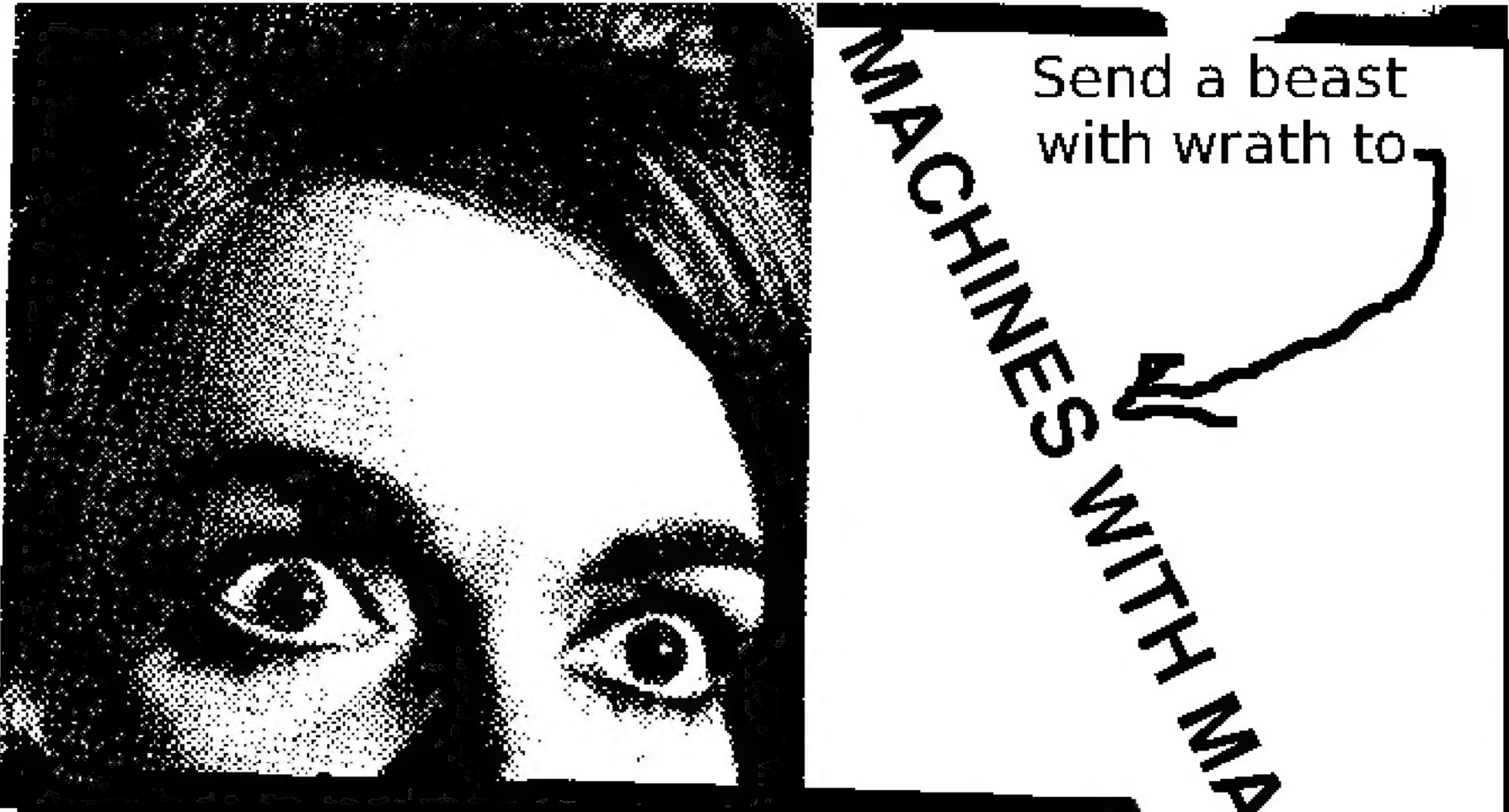


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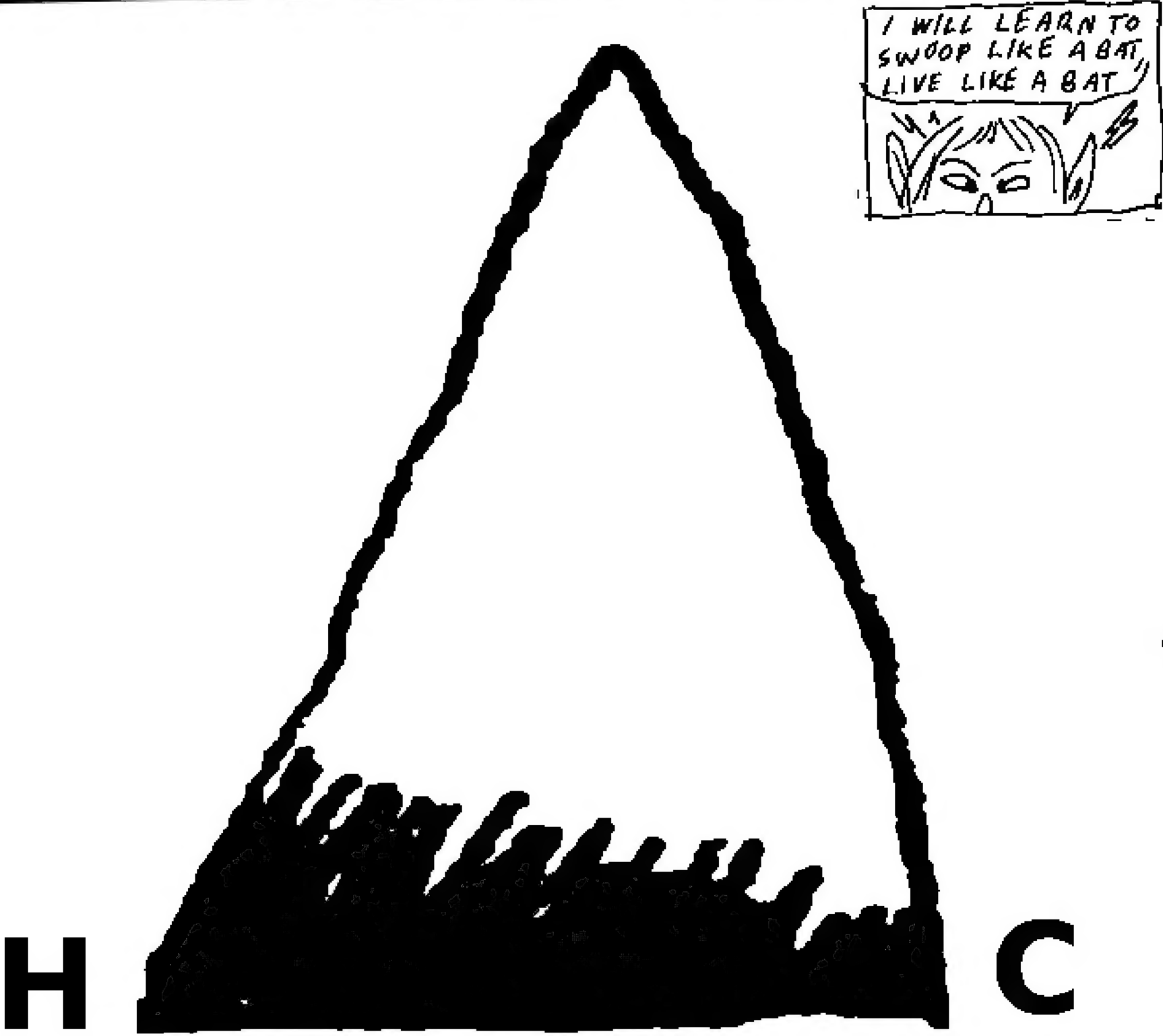


Tuesday October 12 rock o'clock
THRONES // THE BODY //
CHRISTIAN MISTRESS //KINTAAN

Friday October 15 6pm
LOVE THY NEIGHBOR (Tattoo Art Show!)
METALIAN (Canada) // SOUL CONTROL //
RATS EYES // THRILL HOUSE //
BRAIN SHIVERS

Friday October 29 rock o'clock
KREIG // WOE // SEWER GODDESS //
DEAD TIMES

Barbara Steele



H BONEZONE C

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WE BELIEVE IN HUMAN RIGHTS

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Jim Frain
for mayor of Barf City

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the other option"



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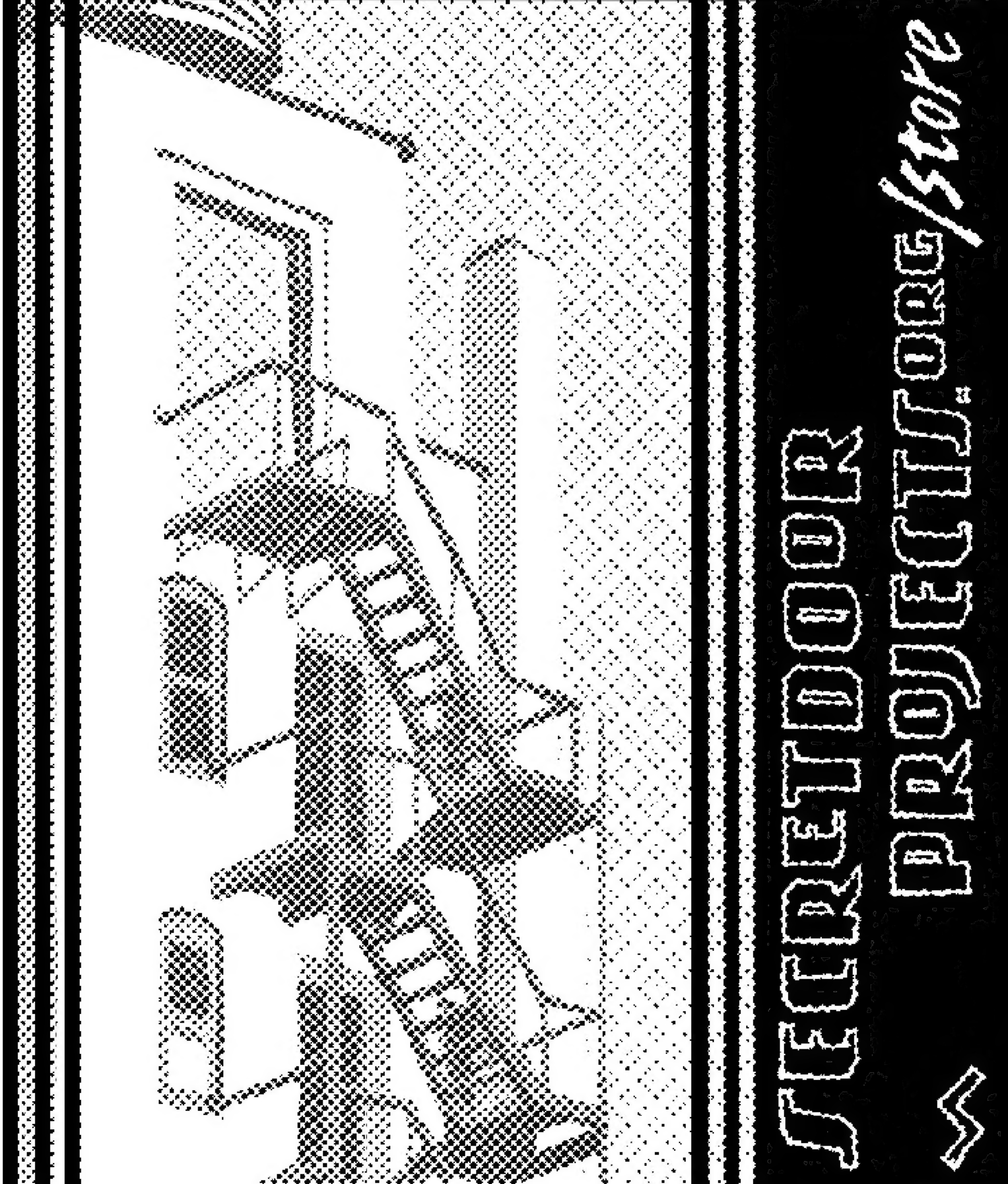


Tatyana Yanishevsky: for hire: napping

Is your social event threatened by harpies, imps, and malevolent trouble-clouds? The surest preventative is a calm napping presence, slowly soaking a neutral surround with positively charged ions. No snores, just pure, protective sleeping. Prices negotiable. Serious inquiries only. Call her name into the evening through a magazine bullhorn, and our operatives will connect you.



WWW.GOINGFOREVER.COM



Psst! October's password is "POLYPLOID". If someone asks you for "Mother's good word", thats what it is. If you need a password or something, one that will expire in a month, you may use this password.

ISITHALLOWEEN.INFO

YOUR BEST SOURCE OF INFORMATION FOR IS IT
HALLOWEEN OR NOT?

BIOGRAPHY: YOU



Illustration of you by George W Myers

There's you, in the ground. You are wearing a backless suit. Shoeless. In a box. The box is in the ground. You are in the ground. If you could hear, you would hear footsteps above. You would hear someone sit down on your tombstone, and start to eat an apple. Their foot is right there. If the dirt were air, and the box were open, and if you still had a hand to grasp, you might grasp their ankle, and feel them shriek and writhe. It's no good. They're gone. If you could hear, you might hear the sun, rushing overhead every day. You would hear it speed up a little bit every day, seeming to rush a little bit faster, and a little bit faster, impossibly fast, whhhhush whhhush whhhush until it was a pure tone whushushushushushshshshsuuuuuuuuuuuuu. All the fluids in your body have dripped out. Your skin has peeled back from the bones. The bones are turning into dust. the molecules in your body are going into the ground, finding new arrangements. The molecules are seeping into underground streams, some are compounded into minerals. You are in a rabbit's tooth. You are in a bacteria. You are in a triple A battery in a remote control. Some of your molecules are breathed by... by humans... They are... flying... In rocketships? They are flying... impossible. They are... crashing... Their molecules are... This is... You are being... It's... There's a tone, it's low at first... You are holding out a bowl of candy... You see your own arm, covered in silver... A little girl is covered in blood... No, it's corn syrup... She laughs and runs away... There's an apple on the counter... Why... does this look so familiar?

SCENE REPORT: THE BRIDGEWATER TRIANGLE

Most of the time people go into a known haunted place because they think that it will be fun, and to a certain degree, that it'll be safe. Most haunted places are pretty secluded, and all paranoids know that it's most likely they'll get murdered by someone they know, near their own home. Besides which, no one believes that kid stuff anyway... While many people know the Bridgewater Triangle as an intense hub of paranormal activity, there is an entirely separate group of people who think of the Bridgewater Triangle's vast trackless forest as a solid middle-of-nowhere evidence dumping spot less than an hour from any number of crime scenes. Either way you slice it, it is simply not a place for teenagers to party at.

The first UFO spotted there was in 1760 (SEVENTEEN SIXTY). Since then strange lights in the sky have been seen by police, reporters, and common hikers quite regularly. Also pterodactyls, demon dogs, alligators, black panthers, giant turtles, rituals that involve people screaming a lot, a giant snake "as thick as a tree trunk" (reported by Civilian Conservation Corps workers in 1939), animal mutilations, numerous murders, mysterious tombs, black helicopters, driving your car as far into the woods as you can then setting it on fire, and duh, bigfoot. Aaaaaand miniature bigfoots that chase you and eat your pets.

And what about this- you're driving through the woods and see a young boy standing forlorn at the side of the road. you stop to say Hey buddy, what's going on, and the kid runs away impossibly fast, and moreover he runs WRONG, like all his limbs are jointed backwards and at the wrong points. What about that?



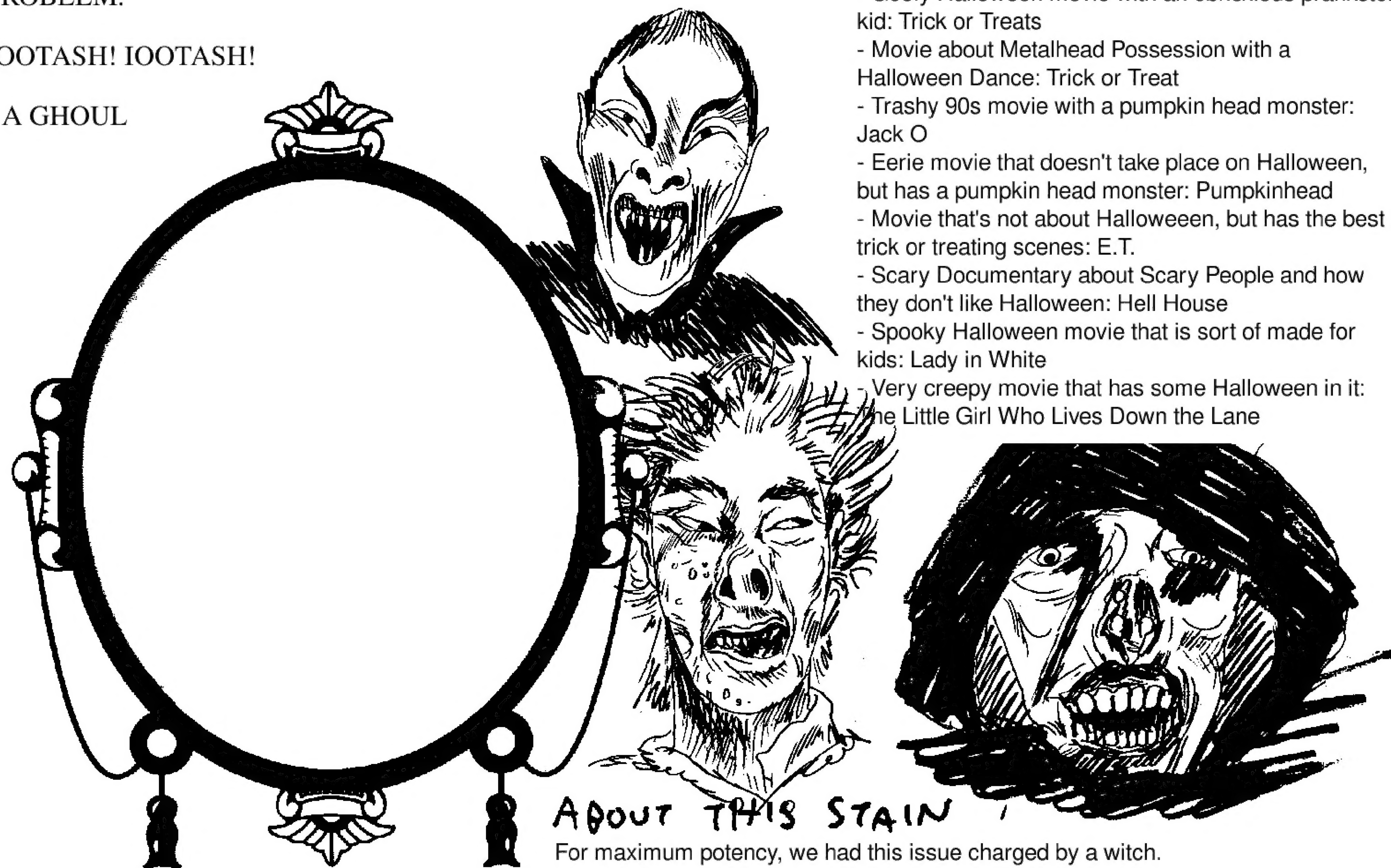
What about this- "When archaeologists excavated a burial ground located on Grassy Island in the Hockmock Swamp and opened the graves, the red ochre within the tombs mysteriously bubbled and dissolved. Photographs of the site would not develop." (A Prehistoric Skeleton from Grassy Island, Edmund Burke Delabarre, American Anthropologist, New Series, Vol. 30, No. 3). What about that?

What about this- "One pair of visitors to Anawan Rock saw a bonfire blazing atop the rock, which disappeared before their eyes. Another individual was scared away from the site by a loud angry male voice shouting, "Iootash! Iootash!" Later, it was found that this word is an Algonquin term meaning "stand and fight". ("What Is The Bridgewater Triangle" (c) 2000 Chris W Pittman). How about that?

If you want to have some safe spooky fun tonight, rent a movie. If you want to go where the veil between our world and the terror of infinity is tissue thin, and human madness is amplified, where there are things that do not wish to be found, where a snake as thick as a tree trunk waits silently in a pool of blood still fresh from King Phillip's war, that is YOUR PROBLEM. Sometimes you go to the (regular, everyday) woods, and there are mosquitos, and they are annoying, and you leave. Because of these mosquitos, deer can graze, rabbits can frolic, moose can rut, and wolves can hunt. There is a forest (and it surrounds Hockamock swamp) that employs a thick autonomous network of (fully mortal, born of woman) stabbers, slashers, and fiends. In exchange for certain favors this rogue squadron maintains an air of menace around the swamp. Don't be an asshole! STAY HOME. If you go there, DON'T GO AT NIGHT. If you go at night, that is YOUR PROBLEM. also, possibly, IT IS MY PROBLEM.

IOOTASH! IOOTASH!

- A GHOUL



GOSSIP SECTION

NUT SACKARINO from CLONE BLOWN wanted to dress like a zombie this year for Halloween so he buried a suit in the backyard LAST YEAR! He dug it up a few days ago and found a \$20 bill in the pocket he swears he didn't leave there... MOLE PEOPLE... Guess who's been sleep-drug-induced somnabu-eBaying with no memory of it in the morning except for a \$200-worth-of-Sepultura-t-shirt sized dent in their liquid assets? initials PZ... rhymes with "Dippy Doornose-ah". Pots-and-pans-ician ELI KESZLER has a new record out on ESP DISK, but he thought you actually needed to learn Esperanto to get signed! Saluton, Eli! Kion vi faras? TIM ALBRO seen pacing back and forth between Not Just Snacks and Not Just Spices, trying to figure out which Not Just Just Doesn't get his frivolous lunch money change... tough call... FLAT DRINKMAN was back in town last week to see if the gum he stuck underneath the bar at Julian's was still there. It was. JAMES MCSHANE seen jogging every morning at 5am by someone that sure as hell wasn't me, I'll you that much. and speaking of healthy attitudes on the run, SAM from CAVE GIRLS was caught doing yoga in the park and when confronted about it, pretended to be just high. Yoga's not a crime OK, and Kids, Never Pretend To Be High. NATE POWELL got married, but it wasn't like we all thought it would be-- for the record, it was to a person, and on purpose, not to a coffee machine when he wasn't paying attention. JONES CHANDLER is a woofman. MUFFY BRAMP got kicked out of the zoo for trying too hard to high-five a tortoise. I don't even think they have elbows? GOOD LUCK!



FIND THE BATMAN!!!!!!

CAN YOU FIND THE BATMAN? HE
IS HIDDEN SOMEWHERE IN THE
ADVERTISING SECTION(S) OF
THIS NEWSPAPER!

WIN A PRIZE!!!!!!

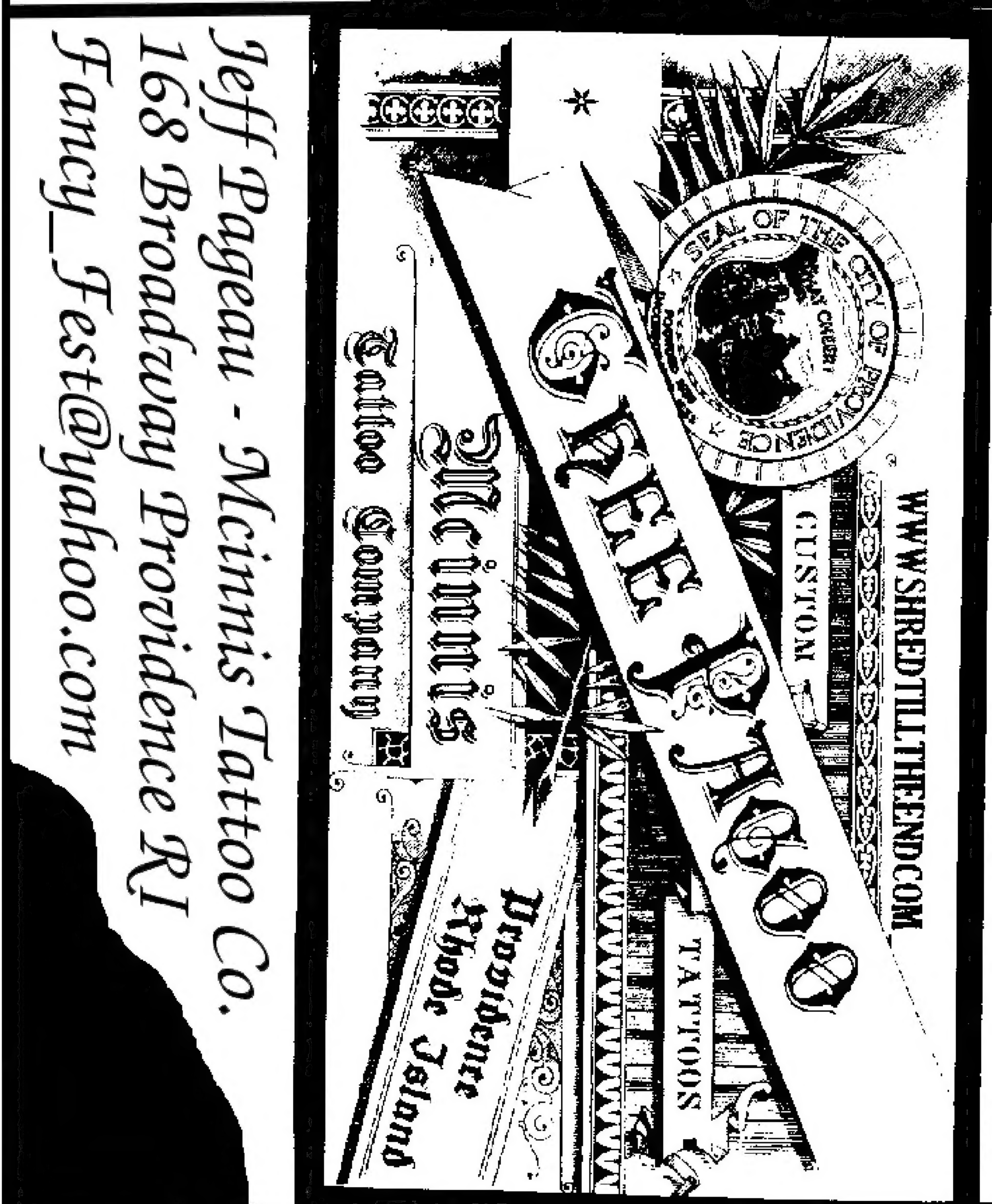
Send a postcard detailing the Batman's whereabouts to THIS NEWS-
PAPER, and win a special "WITH THE MOTHER" lapel badge.
Only mailed-in entries will be counted! must be postmarked October
only Art Middleton won last month!

THE BODY



"ALL THE WATERS OF THE EARTH
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COME TO OUR SHOWS AND HAVE YOUR
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MAGAZINE DESCRIPTIONS BY PHONE.

please write to schedule a
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Laughter Yoga is real

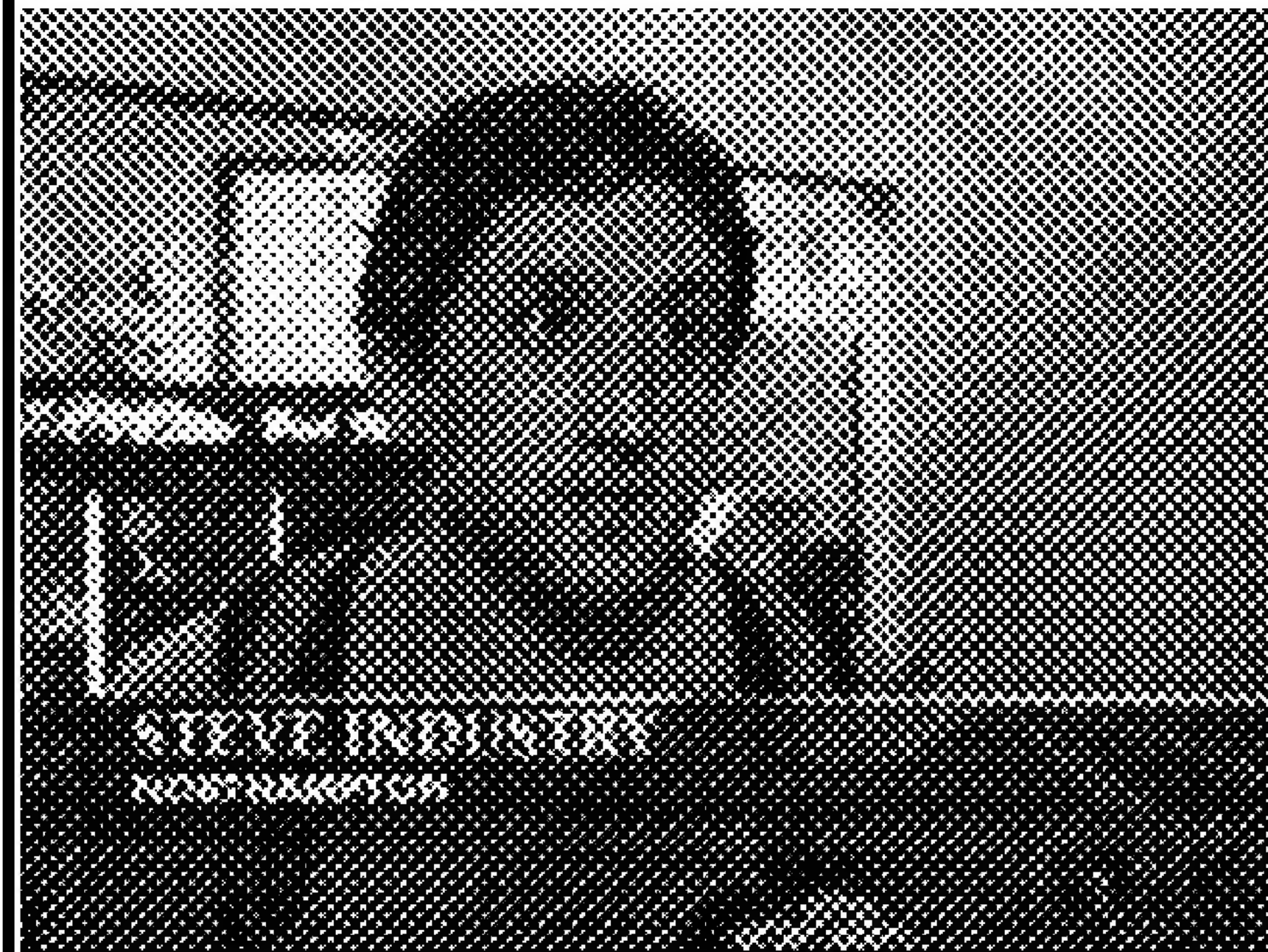


Thurs 6:30pm on Fourth Street \$12 a sesh
Mon 4:15 Brown University Gym \$7
register on line for pass- tiny.cc/laff-yog
contact KiksLaughterYoga@gmail.com for
address/directons/info

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WANTED!
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Contributors to this issue include: an evil liver; a social
pest and parasite; the devotee of a loathly and obscene
creed; an adept at poisoning, blackmail, and other
creeping crimes; a member of a powerful secret
organization inimical to Church and State; a
blasphemer in word and deed, swaying the villagers by
terror and superstition; a charlatan and a quack
sometimes; a bawd; the dark counselor of lewd court
ladies and adulterous gallants; a minister to vice and
inconceivable corruption, battenning upon the filth and
foulest passions of the age; and Mary Wilson, MN is
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